Before the Expiration of thy time,
thy In braving armes against my Soueraigne.
Bul. As I was banisht, I was banisht *Herford*,
But as I come, I come for *Lancaster*:
And noble Vncle, I beseech your grace,
Looke on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
for then my You are my Father, or me thinks in you
I see old *Gaunt* alive. Oh then Father,
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wandering Vagabond, my rights and royalties
Pluckt from my Armes perforce, and giuen away
To Vpstart Vnthrifts? wherefore was I borne?
If that my Cosin King, be King of England,
It must be graunted I am Duke of Lancaster:
kinsman You haue a Sonne, *Aumerle*, my noble Cosin,
Had you first died, and he beene thus trod downe,
He should haue found his Vncle *Gaunt* a Father,
To rouze his wrongs, and chase them to the Bay.
I am denied to sue my liuerie heere,
And yet my letters patents giue me leaue.
My fathers goods are all distrain'd and sold,
are all omitted And these, and all, are all amisse employed.
What would you haue me doe? I am a Subiect,
I. omitted And I challenge Law; Atturnies are denide me,
And therefore personally I lay my claime
To my inheritance of free descent.
North. The noble Duke hath been too much abused.
Rosse. It stands your Grace vpon, to do him right.
Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great.
Yorke. My Lords of England, let me tell you this;
I haue had feeling of my Cosins wrongs,
And laboured all I could to do him right;
But in this kind, to come in braving Armes,
Be his owne caruer, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong, it may not be:
And you that do abette him in this kind,
Cherish Rebellion, and are Rebels all.
North. The noble Duke hath sworne, his comming is

But

But for his owne; and for
We all haue strongly swo
And let him ne're see ioy
Yorke. Well, well, I see
I cannot mend it, I must
Because my power is weak
But if I could, by him th
I would attach you all, a
Vnto the Soueraigne me
But since I cannot, be it k
I do remaine as newter;
Vnlesse you please to ente
And there repose you fo
Bul. An offer Vncle
But we must winne your
To *Bristow* Castle, which
By *Bushie*, *Bagot*, and thei
The Caterpillers of the C
Which I haue sworne to
Yorke. It may be I will
For I am loth to breake
Not Nor friends, nor foes, to
Things past redresse, are

Enter Earle of of Salis
Welch. My Lord of *Sa*
And hardly kept our Co
And yet we heare no tidi
Therefore we will disper
Salisb. Stay yet another
The King reposeth all his
Welch. Tis thought th
The Bay-trees in our Co
The And Meteors fright the
The pale-fac'd Moone lo
And leane-look't Prophe
Rich men looke sadde, a
The one in feare to loose